

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 114 - FAREWELL, MY LEISURE DREAM

NEOMA wasn't impressed to be greeted by Emperor Nikolai and Trevor when she just woke up from her nap.

The only saving grace in that scene was Lewis.

Ah, Lewis came home in one piece. Thank goodness. I would have gone on a rampage if my precious son was hurt.

"Will you please get out of this room?" Neoma said, then she crossed her arms over her chest to assert dominance. "I need my beauty sleep so shoo." She paused, then she turned to Lewis who looked like a puppy betrayed by his master. Of course, her heart went out to her son right away. "You can stay, Lewis."

Lewis's face lit up right away. If he still had his two white fluffy tails, they would have wagged by now.

So cute.

And then, the image of the nine-tailed (hot) a.d.u.l.t Lewis came into her mind.

Gosh, why do my cheeks feel warm all of a sudden?

She almost smacked herself for her sinful thoughts towards her son when her Papa Boss spoke. It was one of the few times that she was glad that her father opened his mouth.

"This is my room," Emperor Nikolai deadpanned. "Are you asking me to leave my own room?"

"Papa Boss, you just told me a while ago that I can use your room as

my own for tonight," she said. Well, those weren't her father's exact words but whatever. "Plus, don't you need to talk to Trevor? That talking book has a lot to explain regarding Nero's abduction. He didn't do his job properly."

"Ouch," Trevor complained lightly. "We just saw each other again after three years and you're already breaking my heart, Moon Princess."

"Breaking news: I don't care," she said, then she waved her hand. "Go. I'll talk to you after I have my much-needed beauty sleep."

Of course, she was very worried about Nero.

But worrying wouldn't get her anywhere. Plus, her overworked big brain needed its break. She'd be more productive after a good sleep.

I have an old soul but I'm still a baby physically.

"I'm worried about Nero but I know that I can't do anything to help my twin brother. That's why I want to rest for now and leave the rest to the a.d.u.l.t.s," she said, then she turned to her father. "Papa Boss, I can entrust Nero to you, can't I? He's your favorite child anyway so I know that you won't let him die."

Papa Boss scowled at what she said.

Gosh, he's so grumpy.

"I'll let your knight stay with you but I want him gone once I return later," Emperor Nikolai said, then he turned to Trevor. "You. Come with me. You have a lot to explain."

Trevor raised his hands in surrender. "As you wish, Your Majesty," he said in his usually annoying playful voice. Then, he turned to her with a (s.e.xy) lazy smirk on his unnecessarily (very) handsome face. Gosh, this demon boy looked good even in his child form! "See you later, my little Moon Princess."

Neoma rolled her eyes at the talking book. "'See you later,' my

foot."

'NEOMA RAMSAY?' Nikolai thought to himself deeply. Neoma called herself 'Neoma Ramsay' a while ago and it bothered him. He didn't know why she referred to herself as a daughter of another house. She was a de Moonasterio. They were the nobles among the nobles. And as far as I know, there's no 'House Ramsay' among the noble households in the empire.

"Your Majesty?"

His thoughts were cut-off when he heard Glenn's voice.

When he turned to his side, he found the knight looking at him with a worried look on his face.

Right now, they were in the tearoom of his residence. Aside from Glenn (who served the refreshments instead of the servants because that meeting was a secret), Saint Zavaroni and Trevor were also there.

"Is there a House Ramsay in the empire?" Nikolai asked his companions. "Or any ordinary family with that name?"

"As far as I know, there isn't a House Ramsay among the noble households in the empire, Your Majesty," Glenn, who stood beside her, said. "Would you like me to check among the commoners if there's a family that uses the name Ramsay?"

"Yes, do that later," he said, then he turned to Saint Zavaroni and Trevor who were seated side-by-side on the sofa from across him. "For now, I'd like to talk about Nero's condition."

A while ago, before he left his room, Glenn went to him to report that Yule's Tears didn't work on his son. That was why he summoned the saint and the demon boy in the tea room.

Currently, Nero was in the room next door. His child was alone in

there but he left his Soul Beasts to guard Nero. Those two Soul Beasts were West (the White Tiger) and North (the Black Tortoise).

"I heard that Yule's Tears didn't work on Nero," he continued. "Is it because the liquid in the vial didn't really come from the Moon God?"

"The vial was apparently given by Lord Yule directly to the first emperor of the Great Moonasterion Empire. Since the Astello Temple had never seen or touched the vial in person, I can't guarantee its authenticity," Saint Zavaroni explained. "Having said that, when I used the vial a while ago, I felt a divine aura coming from it."

"And yet, it didn't work on Nero," he said in a confused voice. "I wonder why."

"What is there to wonder about, Your Majesty?" Trevor asked while putting several sugar cubes in his tea cup. "Do you know why the vial that contains Yule's Tears is passed down on crown princes of the empire? It's because the Moon God's "tears" are said to protect the future emperor from diseases. To be precise, taking a sip from the vial would apparently give the crown prince a healthy body."

"And how did you know that?" Glenn asked. "It's not like you were born during the time of the first emperor."

"Of course not. I'm not that old," the demon boy said. "But I'm the Devil's Grimoire. My brain is filled with vast knowledge."

How arrogant.

"If that's the case, then why don't you tell me why the vial didn't work on Nero?" he asked with a raised brow. "Even though Nero didn't take the oath himself, he's still the one and only royal prince of the empire. Only a male child of the royal family is legitimate to inherit the throne. Thus, it shouldn't matter even if Neoma took the oath in his place.

The demon boy took a sip of his overly sweet tea first before he spoke again. "Then, maybe Prince Nero isn't destined to inherit the

throne— and the heavens want you to know that."

He didn't like what he heard and he made sure Trevor would know that by breaking his teacup.

Nero isn't destined to take the throne? What nonsense is that?

The demon boy just smirked and snapped his fingers. Then, the broken pieces of the teacup, along with the hot tea that was supposed to pour on him, froze in the air. When he snapped his fingers again, the broken cup and the hot liquid disappeared. "I apologize if my words offended you, Your Majesty," he said. "I am merely stating a fact."

"Your Majesty, please calm down," Saint Zavaroni said. "I believe that the reason why the vial didn't work on Prince Nero is still due to the effect of the curse. My divine powers didn't work on His Royal Highness as well. It seems like the curse is designed to reject divine healing. That could also be the reason why only Trevor, a demon, could heal Prince Nero."

Now, that made more sense.

"Nero's curse was easily handled by the Devil," he said, making the saint flinch. He knew that Saint Zavaroni already knew that Nichole was somehow related to the Devil. To spare the saint heartbreak, he purposely didn't mention his twin sister's name. "They were able to hand over the curse to Neoma when they wanted to. And when my daughter returned, they easily transferred the curse back to Nero. That makes me think that the curse actually came from the Devil. An ordinary noble in the empire wouldn't have been able to create such curse."

"I agree with you, Your Majesty," Saint Zavaroni said. "It seems like the Devil is manipulating the families under the Noble Faction to attack the royal family— just like how they used Duke Sloane to hurt Princess Neoma who's acting as Prince Nero."

He let out a deep sigh, then he turned to the demon boy with a glare. "It's unfortunate but I believe you remain our only hope, demon

boy."

The demon boy had the nerve to smile and nod at him. "That seems to be the case, Your Majesty. And we have a binding vow. If I fail to heal Nero as I promised, I'll die. I don't want to die yet so I'll do everything to fulfill my end of the bargain."

"But you failed to protect Nero," he reminded the demon boy. "How can I entrust my son to you again?"

"Good question, Your Majesty," Trevor said. "May I implore you to hear what I have in mind regarding the security in my territory? To make sure that the Devil wouldn't be able to infiltrate my territory again, I need my Moon Princess—"

"No," Nikolai said, cutting-off the arrogant demon boy. How dare a mere talking book give his daughter an ugly endearment? "And it's 'Her Royal Highness Princess Neoma' to you, Devil's Grimoire."

"WHAT ARE you looking at my face so intently for, Lewis?" Neoma asked her son with a soft laugh. Right now, she was lying down on the bed on her side. Lewis, on the other hand, was kneeling on the floor in front of her. "Is there something on my face?"

"Claw marks," Lewis said. "Gone."

"Oh," she said, then she touched her cheek that the (hot) nine-tailed Lewis mauled in Gin's territory. "It disappeared when I got out of Gin's territory so don't worry about it."

"I'm sorry, Princess Neoma," her son said in a voice filled with guilt. "The stinky cat said that it was me who mauled your face."

"It wasn't you. The Lewis that hurt me might just be an illusion that Gin created to hurt me," she said. Well, she knew that the Lewis that she met in Gin's territory wasn't a mere illusion. But she didn't want Lewis to be sad because of that. "If you continue feeling guilty for that, then he will succeed in ruining our bond. Do you want that to

happen?"

He shook his head firmly.

"Good boy," she praised him. "Then, does it mean you won't blame yourself anymore?"

He slowly nodded. "I will never hurt you, Princess Neoma."

"I know that," she said with a smile. "By the way, what happened to Gin?"

She didn't know if it was just her imagination or Lewis's shoulders really slumped.

"Trevor killed him," Lewis said. If you looked closely, it would seem like he was pouting. "Instantly. I didn't even see how he killed the stinky cat."

"Trevor is that strong?"

Her son nodded.

"I don't want to lose to a talking book," she said, then she got up. "I want to be stronger. I want to be a master of defense like Princess Nichole." She paused, then she added: "And fight like a Roseheart."

It sucks to say this but she needed to say farewell to her dream of becoming a lady of leisure for now.

The situation didn't allow her to live a peaceful and lazy life. Her life was seriously in danger and if she remained weak, she'd die. For that reason, she had to level up. If she was a protagonist in an anime series, then this phase of her life would be dubbed as the 'Training Arc.'

"I can teach you how to use your Roseheart blood, Princess Neoma."

She flinched in surprise when she heard a feminine voice beside her. When she turned to her side, she was pleasantly surprised to see

Mochi, her cute white bunny, sitting on the bed. "Mochi, you're here."

"I'm glad that you can really hear me now, Princess Neoma," she said in a delighted voice. "I can now properly introduce myself to you." The bunny stood up and walked towards her. Then, she hopped until she was seated on her lap. "Your Royal Highness, I am Gale, the Wind Spirit, and the former leader of the Wind Tribe. I used to be one of Mona Roseheart's Spirit Guardians." She lowered her head as if she was bowing. "And now, I pledge my loyalty to you, Princess Neoma Roseheart de Moonasterio."

"Thank you," she said sincerely. "Should I call you 'Miss Gale' from now on?"

"You don't have to, Princess Neoma," the Wind Spirit said. "You may call me 'Mochi.' I like the name that you gave me."

"That's a relief," she said with a smile.

The bunny smiled back at her. "Princess Neoma, I know that you have a lot of questions about your mother. Please feel free to ask me anything. I can't promise that I have the answers to all of your questions though."

"It's true that I want to get to know more about my Mama," she said. "But I feel like I don't have the right to ask questions about her because I'm still weak. I promised her that I would only chase her once I'm strong enough to do so. Until then, I will keep the questions I want to ask in my heart."

"That's so admirable of you, Princess Neoma."

She just smiled at that. "Mochi, can you take me as your disciple? I want to fight like Mama. Can you teach me how to summon Spirits? I need to learn it as soon as possible."

"Of course, Your Royal Highness," the bunny Spirit said. "May I know why you're in such a hurry though?"

"My mother told me that I'm only allowed to look for her once I'm able to summon the Spirit Guardian called William."

The Wind Spirit let out a loud gasp, then fear crossed her eyes. "It seems like Mona doesn't want you to find her, Princess Neoma."

Her brows furrowed in confusion. "Are you saying that because I'm too weak to summon a strong Spirit Guardian?"

"That's not it, Princess Neoma," Mochi said in a hesitant voice. "But William is known to be the Executioner," she paused, then she gulped. "Executioner of the de Moonasterions, to be precise."

Neoma gulped when she realized what it meant. "Then, does it mean that William will kill me if I summoned him?"

Hi. You may now send GIFTs to our Neoma. Thank you~
